The Best Christmas Present is a "John Bull" Pen (See Coupon Page 13.)

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. NO. 561. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

595575

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

STOP SWEDEN'S NONSENSE

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

FOR 50 YEARS

the Public has followed our advice to buy *Nestle's Milk*, we now invite them to

BUY NATIONAL WAR BONDS

and to

continue doing so.

Having now exhausted the stock produced at lower cost, on and after the 1st December the price of Nestlé's Milk will be

CASH 1/1½ PER TIN

See that Nestlé's name is on the label, and beware of unknown brands at either higher prices or of inferior quality, for Nestlé's Milk is still

THE RICHEST IN CREAM.

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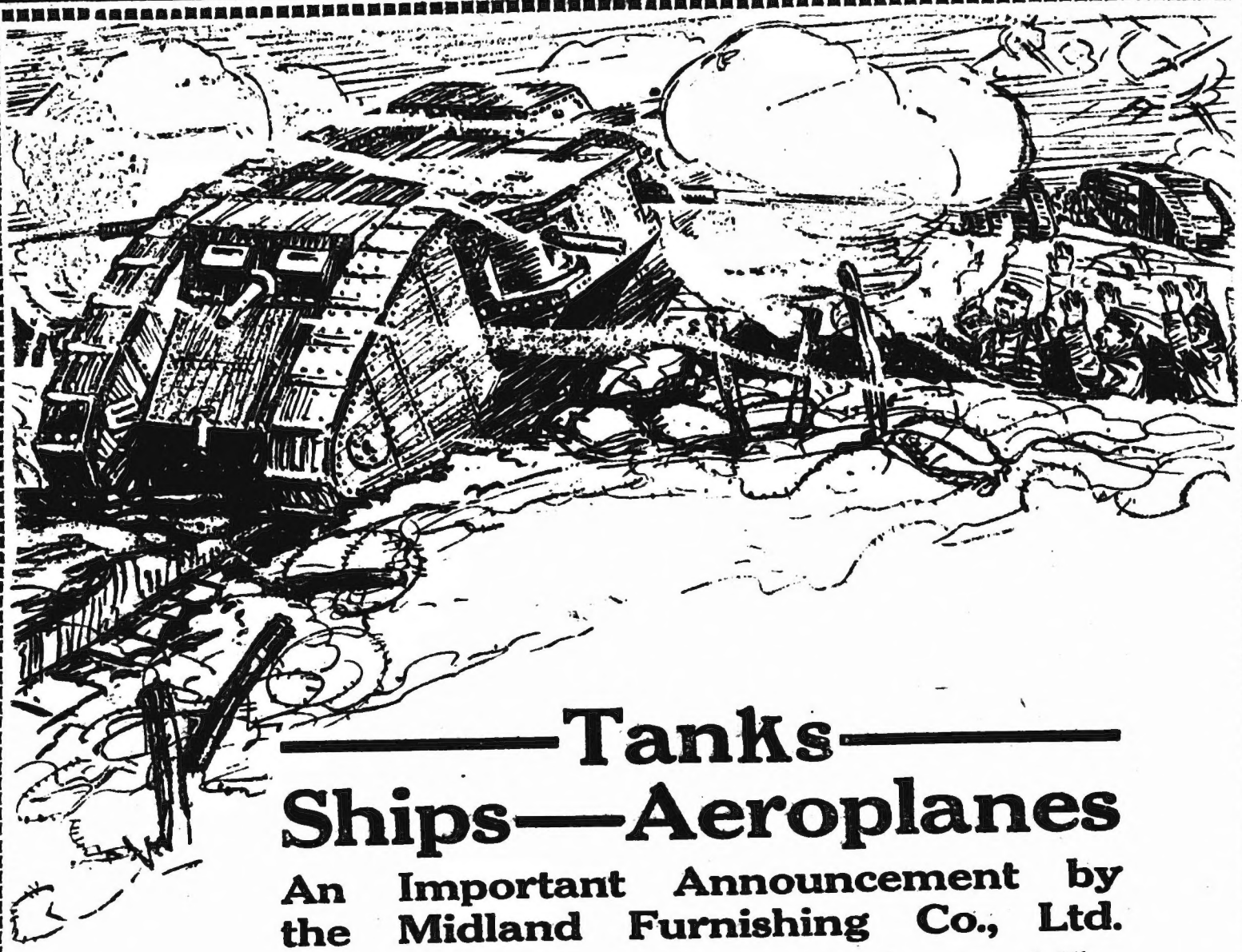

Tanks
Ships—Aeroplanes

An Important Announcement by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Since the foundation of our business in the reign of King George IV. it has been our unchanging policy to recommend to our customers only those articles that give the utmost possible value for every penny of the purchase-money. It is in accordance with that policy that to-day we recommend you to

BUY NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

All that makes life worth living; all that makes home dear to us, is at stake in this greatest of wars. Victory depends not only on our Fighting Forces, but on our Fighting Fund. Tanks, Ships, Aeroplanes, Guns, Shells—every pound you invest in National War Bonds helps to provide them. It helps to save the lives of our soldiers. It helps to bring nearer the final triumph of right over wrong.

There is no investment in the world which gives you the same splendid return, backed by the whole credit and power and resources of the nation. Money invested in National War Bonds is safer than money in any Bank strong-room. The income from it is surer. The satisfaction it gives is greater.

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

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Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL,** *who has been associated with the business for 40 years.*

Hours—9 till 7. **Saturdays—9 till 1.**

£1,000,000
can be saved for investment in
NATIONAL WAR BONDS
if all men not joined up send their clothes to us for renovation instead of buying new ones, so

For every suit or overcoat you send us for renovation we save you practically the cost of a new one—to buy **NATIONAL WAR BONDS** with. Test the truth of our statement by sending right away. Suits and overcoats cleaned, repaired and reshaped for **5s.**

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YOUR BOYS PARCEL SHOULD INCLUDE A

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NICKEL OR KHAKI 1/-

ROLLED GOLD OR H.M SILVER 2/6

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No more Rheumatism

Chameleon Oil robs rheumatism of its terrors. Quickly stops that torturing, excruciating pain, makes your days easy, and gives unbroken rest at night. Its efficacy does not depend on the vigour of your rubbing, for gently does it with Chameleon Oil. Its value is due to its remarkable and unique composition, which enables it to get below the surface and go straight to the cause of the trouble. Invaluable to soldiers in the trenches. Always keep a bottle handy. You may not need it to-day, but you will to-morrow.

Chameleon Oil

relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots Cash Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1.

All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 3d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.

The Engineering Way

Every boy who has built this Tank has made some real fun for himself. He can play with it for days. It is on sound engineering lines and it works perfectly. It teaches him unforgettable facts about great engineering masterpieces and makes him try to go on building and learning more. This is the reward of Meccano.

This model can be taken to pieces and the same parts used for building any of the hundreds of different models shown in the Copyright Manual of Instructions which goes free with every Outfit. The Meccano patented parts are engineering elements which cover the whole range of mechanical movements. Without them no proper models can be built. Each part is so well thought out that by simply following the clear instructions in the Manual any boy can build models without study. These parts also enable him to invent new models.

MECCANO

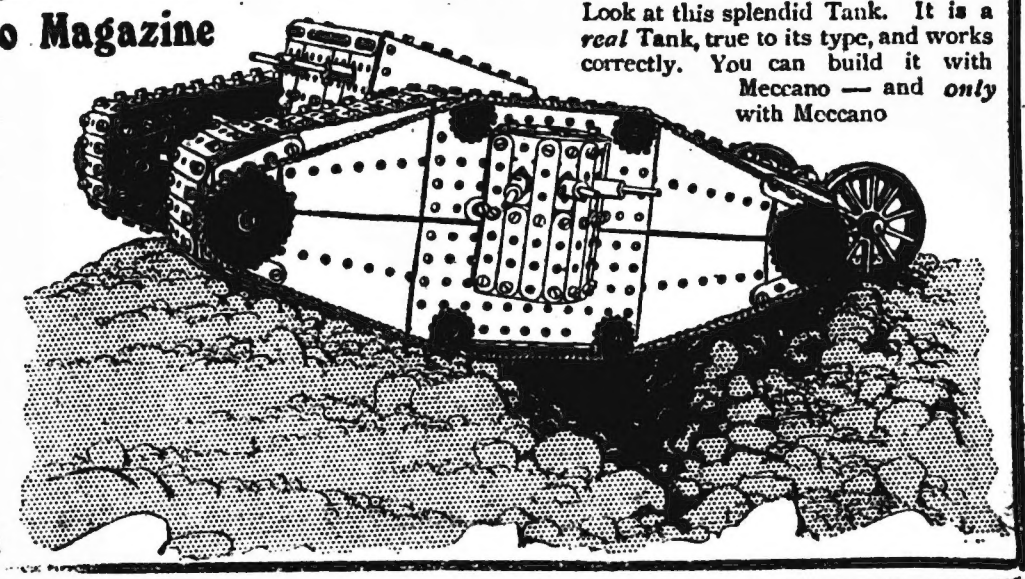
Complete Outfits from 4/6 to 115/-

Free Meccano Magazine

Full of the things which boys want to read about — scores of interesting facts about Meccano—hints as to building the best kind of models—and all about the **New Meccano £200 Prize Competition just started**

How to Get It—Every boy who shows three chums this advertisement and sends us their names and addresses on a card with his own, requesting us to send them some information regarding Meccano, will get this Meccano Magazine by return of post. No. 22 should be put opposite his own name for reference.

MECCANO Ltd. Binns Rd. Liverpool



Look at this splendid Tank. It is a *real* Tank, true to its type, and works correctly. You can build it with Meccano — and *only* with Meccano

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

A £5 Bond

hits the Kaiser harder than 5,000 words of talk

Every £5 Bond you buy at a Post Office or Bank counts for more guns, more shells, more ships, and is your bit towards final victory and honourable Peace.

War Bonds to-day are the one profitable and safe investment. They stand for the security of all other things — for your home, family, possessions, for your children's future happiness—yes, and for your very food during the coming trying months, because War Bonds will build ships, and ships will bring food.

Millions have profited by our advice to "Let the Quaker save money for you," by daily eating Quaker Oats.

At the suggestion of The National War Savings Committee we gladly have given this space to urge Quaker Oats consumers to invest their savings in War Bonds. Don't let this week pass before you buy your Bonds. Quaker Oats, Ltd., 11/12, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. 2.

FOR
Christmas Puddings
Cakes & Pastry
ORDER
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
from your Grocer and
USE NO SUBSTITUTE.

It's a Compliment to give

'SWAN' FOUNTPENS.

THE very fact that you have selected the leading pen pays delicate tribute to the discriminating taste of the recipient. No other pen is so pleasing to write with, or so handy and trustworthy. It quickly passes from the useful to the indispensable, and appreciation of your thoughtful choice will grow greater as years go by. For the "Swan" Pen lasts a lifetime.

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The Proprietors of

STONE'S GINGER WINE

strongly recommend

NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

You can buy a Bond for £5 upwards from any Post Office or Bank.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 601. Week ending Saturday, December 8th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Week With Jack.

At the time these lines are read—touch wood!—we shall be with the Grand Fleet, where, by the courtesy of the Admiralty, we are following up our recent visit to the Western Front, with a view to learning something first-hand of the Senior branch of the Service. More anon.

Surgeon-General Babtie.

So far, the Government have made no move in regard to the scandalous appointment—revealed by us last week—of this dismal failure to the post of Chief Medical Director of the British Forces in Italy. They must hurry up.

Air Raids.

Weather conditions—and the exigencies of the Front—combined to protect London during the recent full moon. Let us hope, however, that the Prime Minister will not now tell us that the air raid danger is over!

Shot at Dawn.

We are now investigating what appears to be a shocking story in connection with the execution of a young officer at the Front. If the facts are as represented to us, the whole country will be aroused.

Another Troop Train Scandal.

And also another Indian Train Scandal—scarcely less revolting than that of Karachi.

Medals and Misers.

Many officers complain to us of the invidious and difficult position in which they are placed when called upon to nominate one man in a hundred for a medal. It is a miser's policy—unfair to both officers and men.

Escaped German Prisoners.

We do not desire to cast any slur upon the patriotism of Captain Dunkerly, Commandant of the Prisoners of War Camp at Crickhowell—from which there have been many escapes. But we *do* remember that, prior to 1914, he was known as Mr. Dunkelsbüuler! *And we don't like it.*

A Word with the Bishop.

The Bishop of London says: "Even now, after two thousand years, we do not realise how original our religion is." We do not, for a moment, suggest that any religion is any the worse for age, but will Dr. Ingram tell us of one thing in Christianity which is not to be found in older faiths?

A Judicial Job?

We decline to credit the report that the Mastership of the Rolls is to be given to Mr. Ellis Griffith—even if his constituents *have* had the tip to prepare for a bye-election!

Ministerial Changes.

Be prepared for some drastic changes in the Ministry—and don't look too far from the Foreign Office.

Sinn Fein.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw says that Sinn Fein is Irish for John Bull. No wonder, then, that the movement is so popular!

Wine and Beer.

The true reason why wine is being liberated and people are being asked to drink it, instead of beer, is that the Belgian munitioners demanded it.

The Court Painter.

Isn't it about time we were told exactly why Laszlo has been interned? "Hostile associations" is a vague phrase. *What were his exact relations with the enemy?* We have a reason for asking.

Tanks and Premium Bonds.

Has it occurred to you how much money could be roped in if a few Tanks were told off to issue *Premium* Bonds? London itself wouldn't be big enough to hold the people who would flock in for certificates.

"Stick It, Canada!"

That is our call to the boys of the Dominion. As we said before, we were no great friends of Canada in days gone by—but the war made all the difference; and we'll back the Canucks to do the trick at the coming Election.

Good Work.

This from the Secretary of the National Equine Defence League, apropos of a recent Open Letter pointing out the powers vested in Magistrates to deprive brutal owners of dumb animals of their possession: "For five years we have spent time, energy and money . . . and now you have accomplished our object by a stroke of the pen."

The Twopenny *Punch*.

At a railway bookstall the other day we asked for *Punch*. "Sold out," said the little lady behind the stall, "but we've got the *Passing Show*—just as good, and only 2d." And lo! it was so.

Christmas "Cheer."

These are not very Christmassy times, but *please* remember that poor section of the community which is outside all the War Relief Funds—old men and women, non-war widows and little kiddies—to whom no help comes, and who, in these days of high prices, live ever on the borders of starvation. Send your money to us, and your gifts of clothing, etc., to 25, Church Road, Homerton, London, N.E.

Your duty to yourself and your family is clear—to sign our Free Air Raid Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

The King's Pardon.

We are asked to petition the King that he may see fit to proclaim his Free Pardon to all absentees, fraudulent enlisters, and deserters. An eloquent plea comes from one deserter who repents, and who wishes to go back and make good, willingly offering his life if he may do so without disgrace to himself and his loved ones. There are, he says, thousands like him, some over age, but still fit and eager to fight—fearing only disgrace.

A Whole-Hogger.

There is a man in York who seems born to make each individual hair of the Chancellor of the Exchequer stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine; to wit, one Holloway, of York. This wild man reared on his hind legs at the National Conference of Railwaymen at Leicester, to advocate "both the repudiation of the National Debt and the expropriation of wealth." From which we gather that Mr. Holloway owns no War Loan.

Anxiety.

We are not less anxious than we are curious concerning a little load one S. D. Harrison, wholesale rag, rope, metal and iron merchant, Queens Road, Yarmouth, has on offer through a local paper. "Used Tea Leaves, dry, about Two Tons for Disposal. Interested Persons apply to—," he advertises. Now who are the "interested persons" Mr. Harrison has in his eagle eye? Grocers, tobacconists or who? There is evidently a wide scope for a nice little war trade in the dregs of the teapot.

A Rare Punch.

Here is an item of "Legal Intelligence" from dear old *Punch:* Horatio Bottomley pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of fortune-telling. It appears that the defendant had stated that the war would be over by Christmas. For the defence it was stated that the defendant had not specified which Christmas, and even so if he had said so, it was so. Defendant asked for a remand to enable him to dispense with legal assistance. There were, of course, two other defences—one, that the charge was not proved, and the other, that Christmas isn't here yet.

Bosh and Bolo.

Since the day when the Premier alleged that we had three enemies—Germhuny, Austria and Drink—and that the greatest of these was Drink, that piece of rhetorical bunk m has been echoed and re-echoed from the platforms of the pump up and down the country, despite its author's retractation. The latest echo is that of the Rev. G. M. Hanks, Vicar of All Saints', Eastbourne. "It is clear," so he told his congregation on "Temperance Sunday," "that drink, not Boloism or any other ism, is the greatest ally of Germany to-day"—the truth being, of course, that the greatest ally of Germhuny is not beer, or whisky, or even the rum ration, but the Devil in Hell.

A Disgraceful Lapse.

A word with the Bradford Public Libraries Committee. On page 2 of the current issue of their Quarterly Record, which is an official list of books recently added to the local lending libraries, is an advertisement to which we take strong exception. We refer to the half-page announcement of two pacifist publications by the notorious E. D. Morel. That an advertisement of these books should appear in a municipal publication, at a time when their author is undergoing a well-deserved sentence of imprisonment for a serious infringement of the Defence of the Realm Regulation, is—despite its notorious Germanism—a reproach to the City of Bradford and a disgrace to its Public Libraries Committee.

The Cable Companies.

Throughout the kingdom post-office telegraphists of military age have been obliged to make way for the ladies, but the telegraphists employed by the various cable companies have usually escaped scot-free, being classified as "cable operators." In the provincial offices where they rusticate, there are no cables, and, as very few of the men have ever seen one, the situation is ripe for review.

"All Work and No Play."

Heavy and dangerous the work of the minesweepers is known to be. And, after their twelve days at sea, there is but scant rest on the return to base. "Hands for work ashore" are wanted, and that means working parties, rifle drill, Lewis gun drill, and other things. But "what sticks in the men's throats" most of all is "two men every day to clean up cateen." As they pay through the nose and a man is there to do the work, the situation irritates.

Wheat for Rats.

Should anybody at the Board of Agriculture find time hang heavy on his hands, let him visit Cashampstead, in Royal Berkshire. He will discover wheat, grown this year, standing in shocks, uncarted. Two shocks are actually sprouting. In the neighbourhood are shocks three or four years old, left for the rats. While such funny stuff is put into our bread, the owners who let good wheat go to ruin should be punished, and severely.

The Simple Life.

To placate the extreme sensitiveness of the Food Controller, the retiring Mayor of Reigate, Alderman Malcolmson, ordered only "a simple little meal" for his guests: Consomme royal, oxtail soup, mock whitebait, shrimps, saddle of mutton, roast pheasants, plum pudding, apple tarts and cream, coffee, cream, bananas, jellies, ice pudding, cheese, coffee, dessert, cigars and cigarettes. As an experiment in gastronomic simplicity, the luncheon was voted a great success.

"Hun's Music for 'T.A.'"

Our objections to a musical comedy company performing "Gipsy Love" and "The Merry Widow"—pieces of enemy origin, both of them—in military camps, have aroused much interest. Only approval has been expressed so far, and the further comment is made that selections from the musical pieces named are habitually performed by Army bands. As the composer was announced as fighting with the Austrian troops, his music should not be popularised to benefit his pocket.

Tale of a Fitter.

After returning wounded from Gallipoli, a skilled engineer was sent to work in the Royal Aircraft Factory, Farnborough. After eighteen months, he left to obtain employment nearer home, and a little later he got married. Desiring to return South, he went back to Farnborough and applied at the R.A.F. for work. "As you have once worked here," said the clerk, "you can't be taken on again." Thus the fitter is still unfitted, while the Minister of Munitions shrieks himself hoarse up and down the street for skilled men!

"Ware the Bottle."

A soldier, home, wants a drink and finds he can't get it. A philanthropist bobs up and gives him a wink of the eye and a mysterious motion of the head. The soldier follows into a dark or unfrequented place; the stranger there produces a bottle, nicely capped and labelled and wrapped in tissue paper; the soldier hands over anything between 10s. and 15s., and proceeds joyfully on his way. When, however, he draws the cork for a wee drappie, he finds that what he has bought is—cold tea. A Rateray man says this is "a blooming sell." It is more. It is profiteering of the deepest dye.

£1,000 for a "Bullet"! Your last chance for this huge Prize. See page 16.

Lyme and Gas.

If you grumble at the price of gas in London (we refer to coal gas, not hot air) be content you are not living at Lyme Regis. In that favoured spot the price has just been rushed up to 8s. per thousand—"we will reduce it at the earliest opportunity," says the Manager. M'yes; perhaps, and p'raps not.

The Spirit of Usher.

A fantastically absurd situation is created by the news that Edinburgh Town Council has let the Usher Hall for the purposes of a Prohibition Demonstration. To appreciate this grim comedy you have but to remember that the Usher Hall takes its name from the gentleman who presented it to the City, the said gentleman being a whisky distiller named Usher. The indecent ingratitude of the Council could no farther go.

What Boots It?

Just lately in the picture papers was the photo of a jack-boot, exhibited by a handsome Special, and stated to be a German boot, dropped from the skies by a raiding airman. But there is much mirth among a section of the Royal Engineers at Chelsea, for the boot belonged to a corporal of theirs, who dropped it from a motor lorry while on air-raid duty. Officials who examined the boot, and passed it for German, can know but little of their business.

"The Cheques" Concert Party.

That concert at Eastcote Camp for Prisoners of War was not given by "The Cheques" to those prisoners, but to the officers and men of the Guard. The wording of a report in the local Press misled us, as it did a number of Northampton readers who forwarded cuttings. We specially regret the error because "The Cheques" Concert Party has entertained thousands of our soldiers without fee, and at considerable expense to its proprietor, Mr. William H. Moore.

A Way They Have in the Army.

When the military decided to take over the workhouse at Saunderton, Bucks, for a hospital, they also decided not to take over the furniture, appointments and fittings. So everything was sold by auction, including 200 bedsteads, 400 sheets, 700 blankets, and the laundry machinery. When too late, they recognised that these and other items would be needed in a hospital; now, they will have to buy everything new, and waste transport and labour in conveying and fixing them—an outstanding instance of muddle and stupidity.

Not a Hun.

The second out of five of a family serving in the Army, a Private of the 1st Devons, recently died in a London hospital. He had been through all the agony and bloody sweat of the French battlefields for three years. His parents, living at Okehampton, naturally wished for a military funeral, and this the Officer Commanding at Exeter agreed to—on the condition that the railway expenses of nine men, as well as their meals, were guaranteed. Now if that British Tommy had been a Hun—but it makes our blood boil to think of it.

More Wait and See.

At Nottingham there is a large Government Forage Store, and the men engaged there are billeted in the town. "Why," we are asked, "should landladies have to wait a fortnight before they receive any billet money? True, they can turn the men out, but that means they will have to wait indefinitely for what is due to them. Even when the money comes at last, it comes as a cheque on the Post Office, and people have sometimes to waste practically a whole morning in getting ready to go and returning." Presumably, the Government are hard up till they sell some more War Bonds.

Some Circulation.

News reached us from the Holy Land that copies of JOHN BULL are being read a mile or two outside Jerusalem. It is hoped that we shall be in the Holy City by Christmas.

Fish of the Sea.

The terrible crime of catching a fish has cropped up at Dunblane, where two respectable men were fined 10s. apiece for catching a sea trout. When the waters lap the land of some lordly squatter, he claims for his own all that in them is—a claim fantastically mediæval.

Another Prophet Gone Wrong.

Another prophet has gone wrong—a wounded Tommy, who assured us a month or so ago that "taking a chapter of the Bible for each day of the war, brings it to end about Nov. 6th, 1917." Seeing he has backed a loser on the Bible, how about having a try with the dictionary?

Sold to Huns.

Down Dartford way there is often a shortage of food in the Navy and Army canteens, and Service men are continually told there is none for them to buy. On reliable authority we have to suggest that the reason for this is that sandwiches, fruit, cheese, and other foods are sent to German prisoners from there, and that is why there is none for anybody else.

A Soldier's Bitter Complaint.

After the battle of the Ridge, a soldier, gassed and wounded, lay in the open for 24 hours before being retrieved from the mud. Next, the man lies on a bed of pain in a London hospital. But what hurts most is the nameless villainy of persons—"worse than pigs," he says—who break open parcels of comforts, and take their thieving pick of the contents. Can we do anything to stop it? he asks. If we could catch one of the brutes in the act, we would gladly hand him for punishment to the gallant men he preys upon.

4s. Tea Trick.

Despite the huge inflow of tea into the country, the grocers are still playing the 4s. tea trick on what is apparently a helpless and defenceless community—still charging maximum prices for rubbishy mixtures; still brazenly plastering 4s. labels over 2s. 4d. and 2s. 8d. goods—and all the while treating customers with insufferable insolence and intolerable rudeness. Unless Lord Rhondda takes measures to keep his food brigands under control: he will presently beat up a bigger row for the Government than they will be ready to tackle.

Money For Nothing.

There is actually in bond in this country at the present time 130 million gallons of home-made whisky. The duty on every gallon, when released from bond, is 14s. 9d.—nearly the price of a War Loan Certificate—and this gigantic sum can be taken into the public exchequer, not as an interest-bearing loan, but as cash. Owing to the non-release, consumers have to pay monstrously high prices for the spirit, whilst they are asked to save. If the Government will not act with common sense, there will be no whisky at Christmas under £1 a bottle. Oh, for a Business Government!

A Fine "Annual."

We do not often dive into the "heavy" magazines, but the other day we came across the "R. P. A. Annual," and we couldn't put it down till we had devoured it. Try a bite.

£1 000 for a Christmas-Box.

This is your last chance to win the huge prize. See page 16.

Our Great Christmas Gift! Have you had yours yet? See page 13.

THE SOUL OF FRANCE.

A NATION OF PATRIOTS IN ARMS IS ABSOLUTELY UNBEATABLE.

By A. G. Hales.

FRANCE is thrilling from the coast to the capital. I can feel it in the very soil I tread on my way to the Italian front, for the earth is vibrant with coming conquest. France has had her hour of bitter travail; soon shall she bring forth the twin children, Vengeance and Victory. Then may the stern Roman motto, *Væ Victis!* be graven on each allied heart, that babes unborn may know in the fullness of time how grim a thing it is for a military despot to try and enslave a world of freemen. The vagrant winds that sweep the soil of France are singing the siren song of a peace to be born ere the coming year has grown grey—not a peace made in Hell and midwifed by diplomats, but a peace wrung from a beaten foe at the point of the bayonet; a soldier's peace, red-lipped and rosy, full bosomed and buxom; a peace that will be the mother of fat years of happiness and prosperity for all mankind, except the Devil's brood who loosed the whirlwind and, sword in hand, rode the storm. Let them drain to the dregs the tears they have caused to flow, and drink from the cup of skulls they made in the workshop of war. France wants peace—wants it with all her great and gallant soul—but not that mis-shapen thing the weak-kneed brotherhood in many lands whisper about, in order to excuse their own craven attitude towards the mammoth struggle for the freedom of mankind. This land, which for a brief space of time has given me sanctuary, has endured much since last I trod the soil; but rather than accept a peace without punishment for the ravishers and spillers of innocent blood, the last home would be denuded of its manhood, the last acre of its fruits, the last vault of its hard-won wealth. Compensation, reparation and punishment—those are the words graven on the very soul of France. Let the Hun boast his fill; let him plan and bring off spectacular *coups* in other theatres of war—the hour is coming, and France knows it is coming, when the crown the melodramatic maniac placed on his own head in Berlin shall be melted down to help to pay for the ruin so ruthlessly wrought. The democracy of the great Republic will accept no less.

How the Women Work and Wait.

He who reckons upon the conquest of France without considering the women knows little or nothing of the psychology of the nation. The manhood may be the arms and the head, but the womanhood is the backbone and the heart—aye, and that most potent of all factors, the soul. There is no weakening amongst the women. The Beast of Potsdam once declared that he would bleed France white; if he bleeds it ashen grey, he can never conquer this people—never, never, never! For this is not like the war of 1870. France has pledged her existence as a nation to win or perish—she will keep the pledge. I look into the faces of the women, rich and poor, high and low, and I see how sorrow has welded them into one vast sisterhood. One never meets a woman here who does not wear the badge of bereavement—she mourns a father, husband, brother or son; there can be scarce a home where the Grey Reaper has not called and taken tribute. In many homes all the chairs that once held the menfolk are now turned to the wall, never to be used again. And the mourning of the women is as the sound of the wind around a cottage home on a winter's night. The women's hearts are breaking, but their spirits are as our own rock-ribbed coasts—no storm of trouble can wear them down. France has taken the place of husband, father, brother and son, and for France they are prepared to give all. They are dry-eyed, these splendid women; all their tears have been shed in dry-eyed sorrow. They work and wait for Victory and Vengeance, and both are on the wing towards them. When the news came through concerning the British triumph on the Western front, when General Byng and his hearty warriors broke through the German front and pushed their way with the steel into the vitals of Hindenburg's "impregnable" defences, a glad light leapt into the sad eyes of the daughters of the Republic, and a stern joy filled every embittered soul—for they be good haters, these once joyous, happy, care-free women of our Ally. They did not ask how many prisoners we had taken, but they waited eagerly for the tale of the dead. They did not smile over our advance; there was no cheering, but their heads went up—their mouths that, during the last three years, have grown harder and sterner day by day, set just a little closer until the lips became a line; hands clenched and brows knitted, and each said in low, concentrated tones to her sister woman: "It is good—good; the English have brought 'the day' a little closer." What that "day" will be for the men who have made the world a graveyard let future historians tell.

Endure or Die.

The Beast of Berlin has waked a spirit in the women of France that will never be laid until three generations have come and gone. The old women mourn their dead without hope because their breasts are dry and they can never again suckle children, but the younger ones will suckle their sons on milk mixed with hate of the Germans; and what the child draws from its mother's breasts becomes part of the child. Unforgiving hate will be in the marrow of the next generation, and love for us and gratitude for the valour of our men and for the sacrifices made by the mothers of those of ours who fell. And in the meantime they work—work unceasingly, content if only the day shall dawn when they shall know that armed hosts are sweeping over German soil, mowing the earth with bayonets and fattening it with bones. The same spirit that shook this land to its base in the days of the great Revolution is awake—only this time the spirit is bridled and curbed to a set purpose, and the driving force behind it is love of France. The manhood of France now knows but one slogan—endure or die. Let no man in Britain think that, as long as a brigade can be mustered round the colours, Frenchmen will listen to any talk of a political peace. The long drawn-out trench warfare, so alien to the military genius of the French nation, may have wearied them and worn their nerves to razor-edge, but it has not lessened their determination to keep at it until they grow grey, if need be. They have developed a steadiness the world never credited them with; but they have in reserve their volcanic energy, which will transform them into tigers when the open fighting comes. They have to express themselves in gestures, because words fail them when discussing our men in the firing line. They say our fellows turn their trenches into "home" and don't seem to worry if they have to stay there for life, and they jeer at the suggestion of the Germans ever driving them out. They were more demonstrative than their women over our recent victory, and poured unstinted praise upon our generalship and our soldiers' dash. "Bon camarades" they call our Tommies—but till the day after the Deluge they won't understand the element of sport that Atkins and Co. find in war. "They go to the fight as to the football," they say. But this thought should ingrain itself in the brain of every Briton; the French admire us; they trust us—and they believe no power on earth will prevent us from seeing the war through until it ends, as it must end, in an overwhelming soldiers' Victory—and then, Retribution.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Viscount French, O.M., Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces.

DEAR LORD FRENCH,—I understand that an internment camp for German officer prisoners is shortly to be established in the neighbourhood of Skipton, Yorkshire, and it is my duty to inform you that local residents are none too pleased about it. For one thing, they would rather the camp was farther from Skipton; and, for another thing, they strongly object to the destruction of the sylvan beauties of the neighbourhood by denuding it of timber for the construction of fences. However, I am sure I may tell them, on your behalf, that their feelings upon this latter point will, as far as possible, be respected. Indeed, if it is true, as I am informed, that there are to be 400 soldiers stationed at the camp to guard 500 prisoners, your requirements in the way of fences should be easily met. JOHN BULL.

To the Right. Hon. Lord Kimberley, President, Norfolk Appeal Tribunal.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—To a grocery manager you recently observed, "It's one of the Devonport shops, isn't it?" and when you exempted the man, you proceeded, "You can go on working for Devonport, and give my love." Of another grocer, who could get nobody to carry on his business, you inquired, "Why don't you sell it to the International Stores?" Another grocer said he must close down if his son were taken, and, when the son was allowed till January 1st, you observed, "To give the man time to close his business." It shows a queer kink when you can deal so light-heartedly with tradesmen facing possible ruin. What is sport to you may be death to them. JOHN BULL.

To Israel A. Symmons, Esq., Police Magistrate, Clerkenwell.

SIR,—I notice that when a respectably connected young lady, described as an artist, pleaded guilty at your Court to "kleptomania," thus accounting for the unlawful possession of a skirt and blouse valued at £4, you accepted her father's recognisances, and released her on probation, which was a very sweet and polite thing to do. Unfortunately, you were not equally considerate in the case of that lad of 17, employed as a dustman, who was charged with the theft of a shilling's worth of coal, this trivial offence being visited with a fine of £2, equal to the young man's wages for a week. Looks like a case of "fish and flesh," don't you think? JOHN BULL.

To the Right. Hon. Lord Moulton.

MY LORD,—I am in a curious frame of mind, and I shall be glad if you will be good enough to kiss the Book, go into the witness box, and answer me the following simple questions: (1) Has there been an alarming shortage of potassium in this country? (2) Have the Government had means of knowing that large deposits were available in Peru? (3) Were those deposits and interests in them offered to the Government? (4) Were they refused? (5) Have they now been secured by Germhun agents? Thank you. That is all. You may leave the Box. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. W. Runciman, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—I have noted your declaration before the Wesleyan Committee of Privileges that you will offer an "unrelenting opposition" to the proposed extension of the Divorce Laws, and also that the Committee have adopted a resolution in these terms and sent a copy to the Prime Minister. Have not you forgotten the existence of the Secret Committees of Seven, appointed from time to time by the Wesleyan Conference to hear and determine matrimonial disputes among its *employés* and *employées*? It is clear that, practically, these Committees arrogate to themselves the functions of a Divorce Court, and are at least open to the unwholesome influence of wirepullers. As to evidence, they are a law unto themselves. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Edward Lyttelton.

DEAR DOC.,—Since the somewhat ingiorious episode which preceded your retirement from the Headmastership of Eton, you have rather faded from the public eye; but your recent performance at York can scarcely be permitted to pass without comment. In the course of a learned lecture upon "Reconstruction," you seem to have indulged in a reckless and sweeping attack upon the Press, accusing newspapers in general of unscrupulous "sensationalism" and of "deliberately ignoring the truth." Not content with these wild and wanton charges, you actually sought immunity from criticism by requesting the reporters to make no mention of your flaming indiscretion. Really, such tactics are most discreditable. On the whole, I am glad you are no longer at Eton. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Donald Maclean, Chairman of Appeal Tribunal, House of Commons.

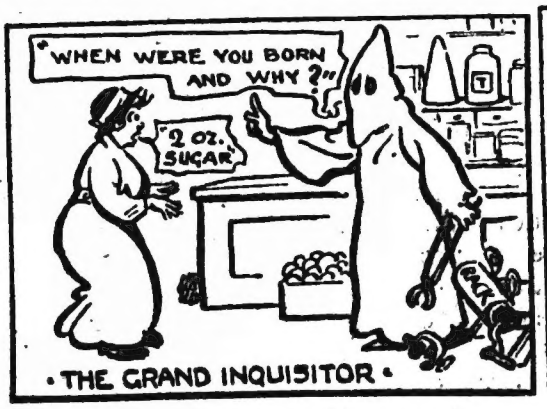
DEAR MACLEAN,—There is no doubt whatever that men returned crocked from the Front are not being made use of in civil life, as it is only right and just they should be. I have been saying what you say for a long time now, for I have had ample evidence before me. It is not merely that many are being kept in khaki "against their own desire and against the national interest." I cannot say what the War Office would reply as to that; but I do know they could say that it is not kindness, but cruelty, to let them return to civil life without any guarantee of employment. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. John Hodge, M.P., Minister of Pensions.

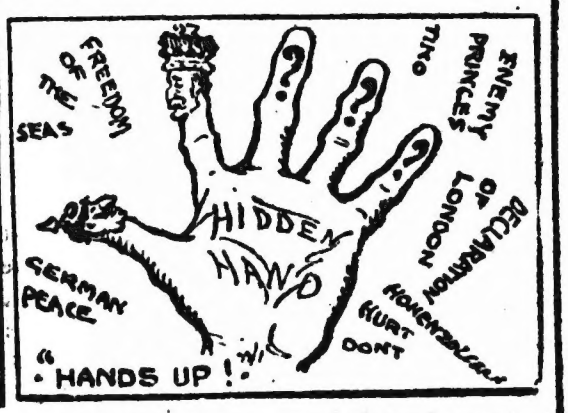
DEAR MR. HODGE,—From all I see and hear, I am by no means satisfied with the arrangements made for the care and cure of soldiers mentally injured by the cruel strain and shock of war. In some cases, it seems, these poor fellows are actually confined in criminal lunatic establishments, under conditions that seriously militate against their chances of recovery. Indeed, some of the complaints which reach me, especially with regard to diet and labour, are of so grave a nature that I prefer not to publish them until you have had an opportunity to look into the matter for yourself. Only please lose no time. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Alas! that strife 'tween men and bosses
Should mean fresh crops of little crosses!



Some sugar buyers 'twill enrage
To find they must disclose their age.



Lansdowne, the craven, points the way
To a peace that patriots will dismay.

HANDS DOWN,

Poor Old Fellow!—The Only Way—Let R

By THE ED

IF I take the recent manifesto of Lord Lansdowne as my text this week, it is not because I attach any special importance, at the present juncture, to the views of this old man—I use the phrase in no disrespectful sense—but because by lending the weight of his name to the End-It-*Now*ers, he has given the Peace Negotiators a big fillip, and, incidentally, has cheered the drooping spirits of the enemy. Ah, yes, I *do* say drooping spirits—for I know what I write. Believe me, it is neither to Russia nor to Italy that the people of Germany are looking—their eyes are on the West, anxiously awaiting, with dread misgiving, Haig's next hammer-blow at the Hindenburg Line, and the outcome of the mighty battle now raging near Cambrai. *They*, at any rate, realise that as they threw the gauntlet down in the West, so *there* will the contest be decided. And, come what may in other theatres of war, they do not like the look of things in France and Flanders. They are, therefore, grateful for any indication of the weakening of the British war spirit, and have consequently gone into ecstasies over the Lansdowne letter.

A Peace-Kite.

I do not profess to any special knowledge of what lies behind this remarkable outburst. Nothing, however, will convince me that it was the spontaneous act of a detached and unofficial politician. Following upon the recent nomination by the Liberal *Nation* of Lord Lansdowne for the next Premiership, his sudden intervention in the *role* of guide, philosophr and friend of the British nation, bears a sinister aspect. His manifesto is an obvious peace-kite—and it is interesting to observe how the *Daily News*, *Star* and other weak-kneed journals have seized the opportunity thus afforded them to creep safely out of their shells. It is significant, too, that this latest pacifist feeler should synchronise with the meeting of the Allied Conference in Paris, and certain other incidents calculated to invest it with timeliness. What does it mean? What is behind it? What is the game? Is this appeal to be the forerunner of another Papal Note? Is the Hidden Hand behind it? Personally, I have for some time past been expecting a well-organised peace move by the enemy, in view of the coming crash in the West—and whilst people's nerves are more or less on edge through the Russian confusion and the Italian set-back. For Germany, now is the psychological moment to hold out the olive-branch. That she is prepared to do so is evidenced by the chorus of approval with which Lord Lansdowne's proposals have been acclaimed by her Press. There is no more bombastic talk about taking Paris and Calais, and all that sort of thing. Britain, we are told, is at last evincing symptoms of "a more reasonable frame of mind"—as though the Kaiser cared "a tinker's cuss" about our minds if only he could murder our bodies! From our own point of view, however, I regard the Lansdowne letter as a calamity. This is not the time to hold up our hands and shout "Kamarad!" Indeed, that has never been the British way; but it is what Lord Lansdowne invites us to do. Hands down, Lansdowne! I have no intention of analysing his Lordship's specific proposals. Summed up, they seem to amount to this—that we should place Security before Reparation (with not a word about Punishment); that we should favourably consider the specious nostrum about "the freedom of the seas"; that we should refrain from any economic boycott of Germany, and "allow the currents of commerce to flow in their natural channels," and, finally, that we should accept the recognisances of the Kaiser, without any Sureties, to keep the peace in future. This is the Gospel of Senility—and any man preaching it ought to be put in a Home of Rest. What is the use of censoring pacifist pamphlets, if the newspapers are to be permitted to give world-wide publicity to such mischievous drivel?

The Only Way.

It is a truism that all the world wants peace—or if it does not, it should. Not, as the *Daily Mail* points out, that our working-classes, tradesmen, farmers, shipowners and others are feeling much of the pinch of war. *Their* case is on a par with that of the ex-domestic servant who explained her jewellery, furs and carriages by the fact of her "ruin." I do not propose to embark upon a dry treatise on political economy; but, except for the fact that labour expended on means of war creates no immediate permanent wealth in the world, it does not very much matter, from the worker's point of view, whether he is building guns or houses. Apart, however, from these material considerations, war—and especially a war like this—is such a human tragedy that every decent individual must be desirous of ending it. Well, we have a War Aims' Committee—established under the auspices of the Government. So far, however, we have heard much of the Committee, but little of the Aims. Isn't it time to drop all rhetoric about "sheathing the sword," "Prussian militarism," "the rights of small States," and so on, and "come to cues"? Let the Allies tabulate in plain, simple language—such as the Man-in-the-Street can understand—the exact terms upon which they are prepared to cease hostilities. On another occasion I will venture to outline the heads of what I believe represent the minimum demands of the British public. Such terms should constitute the "cry" of the Government at a General Election, to be held the moment the new Registers are complete; and then the Lansdownians and others could put their alternative programme before the people; every facility, however, being afforded to the soldiers, whether at home or abroad, to record their votes. That is the way, and the only way, to stop this avalanche of talk. There is no reason why the new Franchise Bill should not become an Act of Parliament early in the New Year—if only the House of Commons would settle down to business. Meanwhile, the Allied Conference should be drafting the Terms.

Let Russia Beware.

Now let me turn to Russia. What a havoc the spouter and the demagogue have made of things! It required no prophet or seer to predict the ruin of the revolution; but the politician slobbered over

LANSDOWNE!

Russia Beware—Stop Sweden's Nonsense.

EDITOR.

Kerensky, called him the "St. Just of Russia," and thought he saw in the uprooting of law, order and discipline the promise of a happier day—the presage of "a speedier and better peace." Well, I don't mean to lose my head over what is happening in Petrograd; and while for months I have said plainly that Russia was "out of the war," I am not so certain that, in spite of her anarchists within and her enemies without, she is yet prepared to fly wholly into the hands of Germany. God knows, she has gone far enough. She has betrayed the Allies and let loose fighting forces of the foe which will help to strengthen the fronts against which we are offering our best blood in the East, in Italy, and in the West. This new turn of events may conceivably delay the day of final victory, and may even affect to some extent the calculations of Haig as to the prospect in Flanders and in France—although, personally, I am not prepared to assume that he has at any time overlooked any possible contingency. But it can only *be* delay—the end is ever certain. Still, events in Russia change with such dramatic suddenness that no one can see what a day will bring forth. But the revolt against the infamous Lenin and the suggestion of saner and more sober methods in Russia give hope—faint though it be. But even if some tottering government is prepared to sign peace with Germany, it may fall before the ink is dry, and may well prove in the long run that a revolution, bloodless in its inception, is, in the end, costliest in life and treasure.

Stop Sweden's Nonsense.

Here I want to say two things. First, we were warned by "Trotsky," in a special Note some weeks ago, that unless the Allies were prepared to "revise" their War Aims, Russia would consider herself free to make a separate peace, and thereafter "remain neutral." Now I want to know what reply was sent to that impudent intimation. Was Russia told that, in no circumstances, would she be permitted to "remain neutral"? Was she told that if she broke away from the solemn compact that there should be no separate peace, she would automatically become an enemy? All we know is that, for a time, our supply of munitions and goods was stopped—but, I believe, *only for a time*. I have reason for thinking that we are again despatching munitions, blankets, etc., and I want to know if such is the case. Is the Government having its leg again pulled by dud "envoys" and "delegates"—such as came back a few months ago and told us all was well? And, next, I want to know whether we are really allowing Sweden to act as "mediator" between Russia and Germany. If so, she must be called off at once. Her intervention, in any capacity, in the affairs of the Allies—except, if she likes, as a humble partner—is an impertinence and an outrage. Come off, Sweden! But do let us be careful, in looking over the European horizon, not to miss things nearer home. What about Ireland? Isn't there something ridiculously ironical in the fact that, whilst we are shedding our blood and treasure all over the world "in defence of small nations," we are unable successfully to govern this little island off our shores? Why mince the fact that Ireland to-day is seething with sedition; that we are afraid to tackle her in the only way that would cure the evil; that her so-called Parliamentary representatives—of *all* Parties—have ceased to possess the remotest power of control, and that, so far as the South is concerned, the Nationalists are now at the mercy of the Sinn Feiners? The country is a hotbed of military shirkers, and we dare not apply Conscription to it. It is true that a solemn Convention is sitting, but for what purpose? Simply to arrive at an agreement between Unionists and Nationalists—leaving out of account altogether the fact that their decisions will be flouted by the great majority of the Irish people. For years I have studied this Irish Question—and I have long been of opinion that it is absolutely incapable of any solution whatever on what are called Constitutional lines. Ireland is two countries—distinct in race, in religion, in temperament, in material interests and in political aspirations. They can never be reconciled; for deep down in the souls of the common people lies an implacable hatred and distrust of the "bloody Saxon," born of generations of English folly and fraud in days gone by. True, in recent years we have done much to restore the country's prosperity, but it was too late. And now, in the most perilous hour of our Empire's life, we have this canker gnawing at our very heart, and are apparently incapable of removing it. I say "apparently," for I will not believe that the "resources of civilisation"—and I use the phrase advisedly—"are exhausted." Let us, however, await the Report of the Convention and the developments which will inevitably follow upon it—and then show the world that good government begins at home. I *think* there *is* a way.

The Canadian Election.

Here, too, is a semi-domestic affair not free from anxiety. We all recognise the splendid spirit of the Canadian boys who, at the outbreak of war, flew to the Colours of their own accord—and, God knows, we are under an everlasting debt of gratitude for the help they have rendered in the field. On the other hand, it is idle to deny that there is a big native element of hostility, in no way confined to the French Canadians, both to the war and to the principle of compulsory military service. Doubtless to a large extent this has been fomented by German propaganda—but we must recognise the fact. It would be nothing short of a stupendous calamity if the result of the pending elections were to give Germany ground for pretending that the British Empire is not solid for the war. We have had a severe trial in India, and have come out triumphant. In America, the cause of freedom has ultimately prevailed. The heart of Africa and Australasia is sound to the core. All Germany's hopes of dissension are now centred in Canada and Ireland. I believe that, before long, Ireland alone will be left to comfort her—and then we must find a way of depriving her of even that last hope. In the meantime, let us continue to put our trust in our soldiers and our sailors—and leave the rest to God.

AMAZING EXACTIONS.

INCREDIBLE MEANNESS TOWARDS A MERCHANT SKIPPER.

Some time ago a small unarmed schooner, engaged in transport duty under charter to the Government, fell a victim to a German submarine, the Master and crew making their escape in a rowing boat, and subsequently reaching the coast of France. Their course was to proceed to Havre and afterwards to Southampton, where they might find another vessel, but there was a certain amount of inevitable delay, and in the meantime, the stranded seamen, and the Master, Captain Bishop, had to find lodgings in France. Six months later Captain Bishop received an amazing letter from the Mercantile Marine Office at Plymouth. "I am instructed," wrote the Board of Trade Superintendent, "to hand you the attached account of expenses incurred by His Majesty's Government on your behalf, and which amount to £4 13s. 4d., and to request that you will remit that amount to me at the earliest possible date." Among their items, this account included the cost of lodging in France, fare to Havre and Southampton, the cost of a new outfit—all the Captain's belongings having gone down in the torpedoed schooner—and even a charge of two francs for a Passport photograph! The official excuse for these exactions was that, while the case of the crew was provided for by statute, "no provision was made in the Merchant Shipping Acts for the relief of Shipmasters." We have no hesitation in saying that, in the exceptional circumstances of war, this is a scandalous and intolerable state of affairs. It is bad enough that merchant skippers should be sent to sea in unarmed vessels, but that they should be left to stand the financial brunt of any resulting mishap is a monstrous injustice. The matter may be one for adjustment between the shipowners and the Government, but in common decency the Shipmaster should go free.

GOD WITH THE KAISER!

THE BLASPHEMY OF A PROFESSIONAL PIETIST.

Our readers are familiar with the thesis of a certain sort of professional pietists, that Britain does not win the war because it is such a thoroughly bad lot. The implication, as we have put it time after time, is that Germhuny is all over the map because she is loved of the Lord on account of her holiness and righteousness. The report of a sermon on these lines has come our way. It is the spiritual outpouring of a Baptist pastor named Kettle, of Ross-on-Wye. "Unforeseen incidents, changes in the weather, lucky accidents, have favoured our foes many times," he affirms. "Swollen rivers in Gallipoli and at Kut fought against us and laid low our pride before the Turks," says he. "In Flanders the mist baffled our airmen," says he, "and the rain turned the earth into a swamp to drown our infantry, and thus protected the Germans against the force of the blow which had been prepared against them for many months. There have been providential escapes in large numbers on the side of the Germans," says he. "At Jutland their Grand Fleet seemed to be delivered into the hands of Jellicoe, but God covered them with His sea mist and they ran away home," says he. "When they seemed to be starving, the richest wheat fields in the world were opened to them," says he. "When Roumania became our ally they also gained an inexhaustible supply of oil," says he. "What is the meaning of all these signs? Are they signs of heaven's displeasure?" he demands, with all the fervour of the Devil himself lifting his eyes to the skies and crying "*Gott mit uns*" to his infernal legions. It is a strange picture to present of this strife of Britain in the noblest cause for which any people in the history of the world have stood to arms—the stars in their courses fighting against Haig; the Lord God of Hosts on the side of the Kaiser. To our mind it is a horrible blasphemy, a sickening and shuddering irreverence, an infamous desecration, a hideous profanity. If it were even thinkable as true, then we should say that, for all that is worth while in the world, God were better dead. But the picture is *not* true. Britain is not as black as this pulpiteer and so many of his kind paint her. She may be far from heaven, but, at any rate, three parts of the world is agreed she is nearer than the Hun. Be her moral and spiritual shortcomings what they may, they are assuredly judged by Him who judges all in true perspective and just balance. In that assurance she can fight on to victory.

A CASE FOR CLEMENCY.

GIRL-MOTHER'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

In February last, we endeavoured to procure, if possible, a respite of sentence in the sad case of Annie Motson, a girl of 19, awarded the crushing penalty of five years' penal servitude by Mr. Justice Rowlatt, at the Lincolnshire Assizes, for the manslaughter of her baby. The jury coupled their verdict with a strong recommendation to mercy, to which the Bench might well have given fuller effect. Before ever she stood in the dock her punishment, in shame and agony, had been almost too terrible for mortal endurance. Added to these, the shock of that five years' sentence must have been a stunning, might almost have been a fatal, blow. However, happily the last word in these matters does not rest with any judicial officer. Above all is the Royal prerogative of mercy, in the keeping of the Home Secretary, and it is because upon a full consideration of all the circumstances, past and present, we believe that in this painful case mercy is the highest justice, we appeal to Sir George Cave to release Annie Motson on probation, or at least to set such a term to her punishment as may save her from utter despair.

"SAINTS" AND BLINDED HEROES.

WORCESTER WATCH COMMITTEE AND SUNDAY CONCERTS.

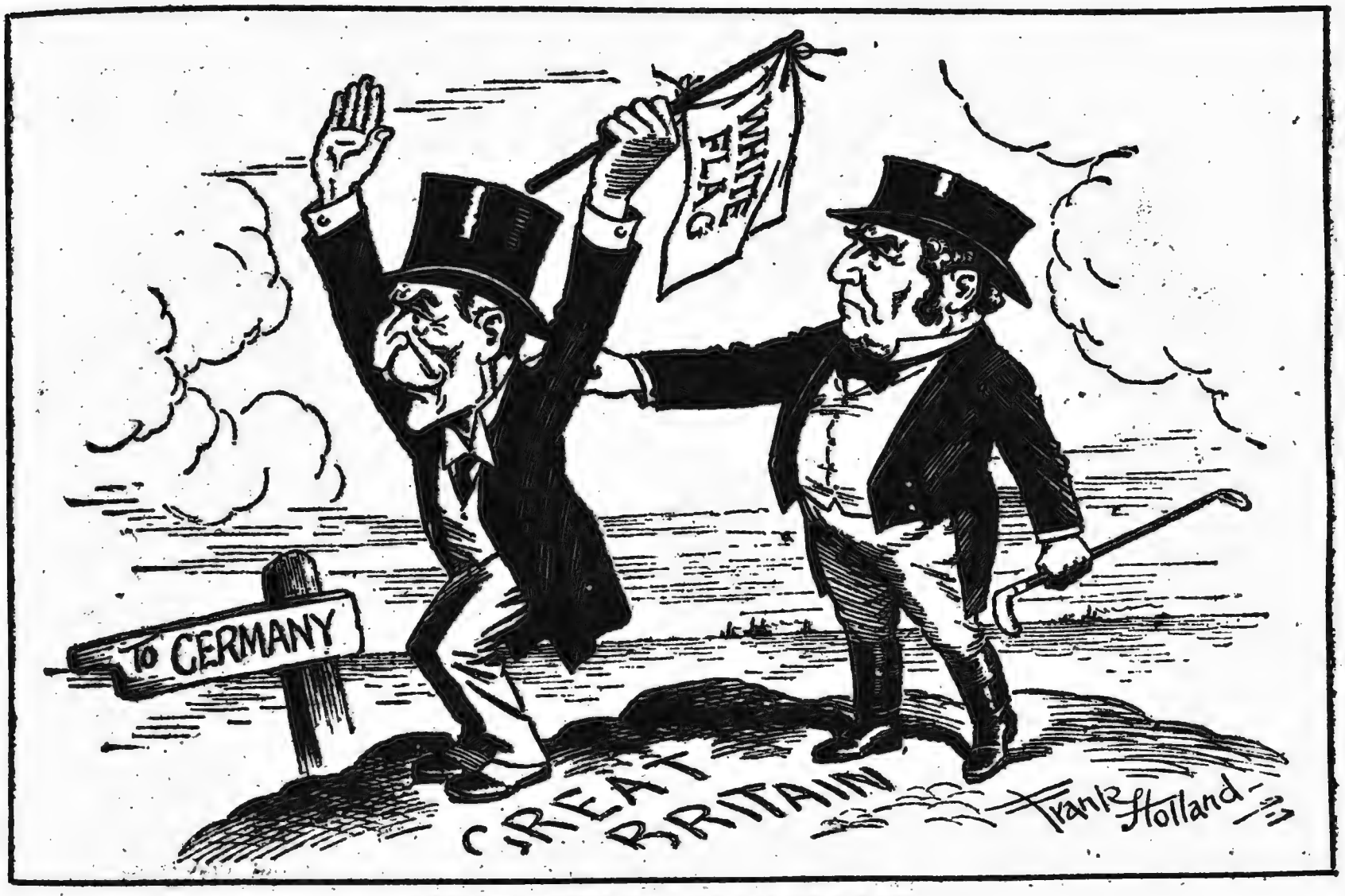
The Worcester Watch Committee, with Mayor Carlton in the chair, have again been distinguishing themselves in the *rôle* of Sunday saints. The occasion was an application, made to them by Lieut.-Col. G. Ray, asking permission to show at a local cinema on a Sunday certain "movies" illustrating the work done for blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's—a work the value of which can hardly be overestimated—a silver collection being taken during the performance. But his Worship and his super holy men would have none of it. "The Mayor said he feared that if they granted the application they would have to consider others. The Committee had previously set their face against Sunday performances"; Sunday being such a good day that it would be wicked to encourage and assist by a harmless, instructive and interesting entertainment, a good work upon it. What do the unsurpassed heroes of the splendid Worcestershire Regiment, with their record of service and suffering, and sacrifice, think of public representatives of their capital town so goody-goody (on Sundays) that they use their authority to stop the flow of funds to aid a philanthropy designed to render their comrades blinded in the war capable of self-support in life?

"DESPOTS OF THE COUNTER."

TRAINED IN INSOLENCE AND IMPOSITION.

A South London householder, Mr. T. T. Dee, comes down upon those he describes as the "despots of the counter" with a tremendous shillelagh. "It is not sufficient," he says, "that the Food Control, as we have known it these two years or more, has been a futility and a farce, a delusion and a snare. It is not sufficient that the whole damned race of profiteers should be authorised by Special Licence to hold up and plunder us in broad daylight with the audacity of bandits ambushed on a Texan railroad. The war has brought into being a new tribe of counter server. Time was when those behind the counter stepped forward with politeness, if not obsequiousness. Now all that is changed. The era of priceless spuds, and Government ale, and 2s. 8d. bacon, and 4s. 6d. tea, and half-a-crown butter, and eightpenny milk, and unprocurable, though costly sugar sees in their place a breed of despots trained and apparently thoroughly rehearsed in insolence, lying, and imposition. By no reasonable means are they to be placated. The women especially are as sour as vinegar. They lie to your eyes and have no blushes. If they cannot or will not sell, they are impudent to the point of truculence; if they do sell, they all but throw the things at you. To go shopping is to face an ordeal physically and mentally terrifying. Swindled on the one hand, bullied on the other, no wonder there are thousands of housewives to-day whom the ordeal distresses as an affliction. They dread so much to face it that their men have had to take the necessity in hand." It is certainly a bad state of affairs, and although we are not prepared to endorse this too general charge, it certainly calls for the attention of the Food Controller.

THE KAMERADER.



"HANDS DOWN, LANSDOWNE!"

ANOTHER TRANSPORT SCANDAL.

HOW SOUTH AFRICANS SUFFERED ON THE "CARONIA."

Perhaps some responsible person will make immediate inquiries as to the conditions obtaining upon another transport vessel carrying troops from South Africa to India. We have solid reasons for broaching the matter, especially after our revelation of the disgusting conditions on the *Empress of Britain*, when a number of men died after inoculation on the voyage from Durban to Bombay in April last. Our information suggests that the authorities have once again been guilty of gross negligence in regard to the health and comfort of British troops. A memorandum of protest which has lately reached us, signed before the completion of their voyage by a number of South African soldiers, makes specific allegations of serious character. We cull a few sentences at random from this amazing document. "On September —, 5,000 soldiers of all regiments embarked on board the s.s. *Caronia* at Durban. We found the ship in a filthy condition—refuse, grease and dust on everything. This state of filthiness remained for several days . . . The boat is still very dirty. One range of decks is entirely below waterline, so that no portholes are open on those decks throughout the whole voyage. . . . The stench at 5 a.m. makes it almost suicidal to go down into these lower decks. . . . The ship was already lousy when the men came aboard, having just previously conveyed native troops to German East Africa, and with the restricted washing conditions, vermin have greatly increased." We might multiply such quotations by the score, but readers with a spark of imagination, and especially those who have made a voyage on a transport, even under decent conditions, will have no difficulty in conjuring up the complete picture. There are other complaints relating to the poor quality of the food supplied, and of arrangements for necessary changes of linen. Every count of this lengthy indictment calls for searching investigation. With Mesopotamia on their consciences, the authorities dare run no risks.

SOLDIERS THREE.

EMPLOYERS AND PUBLIC BODIES THAT SHIRK THEIR DUTY.

A man who was for fifteen years in the employment of a Railway Company tells us that when he volunteered he was promised reinstatement, but is now informed that, as he is not quite fit to go straight back to his old work, the Company no longer requires his services. A shot wound he received has caused some weakness in his left hand. As it is getting better, he asked for light work until he could again tackle his own trade. Although in need of labour, the Company can give him nothing to do. The second case is of a young fellow of Cambridgeshire. Coming of a fighting family—his grandfather a Crimean veteran—he volunteered, won the Military Medal at Ypres, was gassed and rendered seriously ill. A long spell of hospital ended in his discharge as unfit for further service. The medical advice was that he take up clerical work. There was a vacancy for Rate Collector of two rural parishes, and the medalled hero applied. The result was similar to many other shameful appointments which it has sickened us to chronicle. The two Parish Councils concerned voted the job to a man already in employment—a man of military age, exempt as indispensable to his employer, but yet willing to grab those extra duties. He is, we are not surprised to learn, a local preacher. The third instance is a married man, with two children, who served his employers for fifteen years before going to serve his country. Part of his salary consisted of a house, rent, coal and gas free, and his employers stated that fact when they filled up a form for his relief under the Civil Liabilities Act. Yet, one morning, his wife was surprised to find that house decorated with a "To Be Let" notice, and she has been obliged to leave and saddle herself with considerable rent to pay. Such cases—and, we regret to say, hundreds more like them—are a sad commentary upon the boasted "patriotism" of employers and public bodies. The country should insist upon better treatment of its heroes.

What is Your Baby Doing in the Great War?

THE little treasure nestling in your arms to-day will grow into a real boy soon. He'll climb on your knee, and when he begs for a story it will have to be about all the wonderful things that are happening in this war. Nothing else will satisfy the British heart of him.

• • • • •

HIS lovely eyes will shine, his breath will come more quickly, and as he turns to you he'll say, "Oh, Mother, if only I'd been a big man then, I could have done something, too, couldn't I?"

• • • • •

THEN you want to be able to tell him that he *is* doing something now: that he is your greatest comfort while Daddy is away (if it were not for him you think sometimes you could not "carry on"), and as you glory in his progress and his growth, for every tooth he cuts, for every new delightful word he speaks, you drop some pennies in his money-box.

• • • • •

THIS will be your thank-offering for having him safe in your arms at home. And your pride in your Baby grows so fast that the pennies will soon turn into shillings, for which you can buy him first one War Savings Certificate, then another, and another, until your Baby has as big a share as you can give him in the cause for which his father and big brothers risk their lives.

• • • • •

EVERY 15/6 that you invest will have become £1 in five years' time. That means you will be *repaid with interest* for what you have done for Baby's country just as you will be repaid with interest for all you do for Baby himself.

When Baby Forgets to Smile.

YOUR Baby needs your constant care every minute of every day, and your mother-instinct tells you for the most part exactly what to do to keep him well and happy. But sometimes, just because you care so much, you may lose faith in your own judgment and "wonder what to do."

• • • • •

A LITTLE book has been issued by "Glaxo" to which you can turn whenever Baby forgets to smile. This little book will tell you simply and sincerely "what to do." If it is a case for the doctor the Glaxo Baby Book will say so, and if you are worrying unnecessarily (as all mothers are prone to do) it will show you how to make yourself and Baby happy again.

• • • • •

You can get the Glaxo Baby Book for 7d. only from Glaxo, Dept. 36, 115/7, Great Portland Street, W.1. It contains in all 136 pages, and in the words of one mother (taken at random from hundreds of other letters of praise), "The more one reads the book the more good one finds in it."

Proprietors: JOSEPH NATHAN & Co., Ltd., LONDON & NEW ZEALAND.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

SIR ROBERT PERKS.

Good evenin', sir. . . . *'Air cuttin'?* Yessir. Are you in a great 'urry? It's jest on 'arf-past six, an' I usually slips out to 'ave a drink w'en the 'ouses open. Don't git another charnce till arfter eight. I wouldn't keep you two minutes, sir. . . . *Against yore principles to afford anybody facilities fur drinkin'? Is* it, now? Fency that! Wot a precious moral 'umbug you must be, sir, if you'll excuse me sayin' so. You might be Sir Robert Perks, by the way you tork. . . . *That's 'oo you are?* Well, I never! I've bin a bit curious to see you lately, sir—ever since I read yore letter in the *British Weekly* against the State Purchase of public 'ouses. Minjer, I ain't in favour of State Purchase meself, but my reasons ain't the same as yores. You appear to be afraid of public 'ouses bein' made more attractive. You don't want the "sordid features to be eliminated." I'm surprised at you. You want low pubs to remain low pubs. You don't want no more comfort provided fur customers. You don't want public 'ouses to be made places w'ere a man can sit down an' take 'is glarss decent. You want the slur (unmerited in most cases) to remain on licensed premises, so as it may still be a sorter disgrace fur a man to be seen goin' in fur reasonable refreshment. Well, I call that a dirty idea, sir. . . . Oh, I know the reasons you put forward. You're scared in case the public 'ouse might be turned into "the rival of the home, the Sunday-school, and the Church Institute. Men and women," you sed, "who at present would not dream of entering a public 'ouse, are to be tempted to frequent the reformed State tavern." You'll excuse me, sir, but I never read sich clotted nonsense. 'Ave you ever bin in Frawnce? . . Oh, you *'ave*. Very well, then. Ain't you never seen the cheerful caffies there, with their little round tables under the trees, and a good band o' music to keep the people merry an' bright? 'Aven't you seen men with their wives an' families settin' there, sippin' their syrup, an' larfin' an' chattin' as 'appy as can be? 'Ow many drunks 'ave you seen in such places? As many as you kin see on a Sunday night in Glasgow, w'ere they've got Sunday closin'? I *don't* think. An' wots it to do with 'ome, an' Sunday-school, an' the Church Institute? Jew think there's on'y three places fit fur respectable people to be seen in? 'Ow would *you* like to be always at 'ome, or at Sunday-school, or at the Church Institute? Don't you think the missus an' the kids can do with a bit of a change sometimes? Jew think it makes 'em any better to see nobody but parsons? I reckon it's the other way about, mister. An' you'll agree with me if you know anythink about human nacher. But if you 'ad yore way, w'ich thank Gawd you won't, you'd keep the public 'ouses so sordid an' disreputable that nobody decent would be seen in 'em. You'll excuse me sayin' so, sir, but wot a mind you must 'ave! I wouldn't exchange mine fur it fur all the bacon wot's rottin' at the docks. But I see wot chewer really worryin' about. You say that the question of State Purchase "threatens to rend in twain the Wesleyan Temperance Committee." Wot a shockin' thing thet would be! Worse then a German vict'ry, I s'pose. I dessay the British Empire would c'lapse if the Wesleyan Temperance Committee was rent in twain. . . . Well, 'ow's that fur short, sir? Soot yer? Right-o. Sixpence, in the shop please. . . . Well, *thet's* orf me chest, and I feels much better. Missus! I'm jest goin' round to see a man about a dorg.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the funds of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"NORTHAMPTON DAILY ECHO" (November 29th, 1917):—
"MR. LLOYD GEORGE Replies to THE PREMIER. . . . The most convincing reply to THE PREMIER came from MR. LLOYD GEORGE."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO" (advertisement):—
"LODGING-HOUSE Business for Sale, CLOSE RHYMNEY NEW SEWERAGE."

"THE PEOPLE":—
"Her arms stole round his neck? THEIR LIPS TORE THROUGH HIS COAT."

"LAUNCESTON WEEKLY NEWS":—
"The DUTIES OF BRIDEGROOM were ably carried out by Mr. ——, COUSIN OF THE BRIDEGROOM."

ILFORD RECORDER (advertisement):—
"MAHOGANY GENTLEMAN'S easy chair, £1."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Lost. . . . Gold Bar Brooch, with CHASTE Scotch terrier in centre."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—
"The day was FINE though WET."

"TIMES OF CEYLON" (advertisement):—
"A Fresh Large Consignment of Indian Woollen Carpets. . . . QUALITY IS THE BEST WHICH WE NEVER OFFERED BEFORE."

"GEM LIBRARY":—
"He caught his FINGER between the door and the jamb, and DROPPED IT on his injured foot with a roar of pain."

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON (in *The Weekly Dispatch*):—
"We listened at this point WITH BENT EARS."

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—
"It is a serious lack of economy just NOW . . . to DRINK MORE BEER THAN YOU CAN GET OR PAY FOR."

"WARRINGTON GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—
"Comfortable Home for Lady Paying Guest; EVERY CONVENIENCE; FIVE MINUTES FROM CEMETERY."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of bestiarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unredressed."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1914.*

Revolting Negligence.

A wounded soldier died at Edmonton, and his body was sent home to Twickenham by rail. When the coffin arrived, the stricken father found it bore the wrong name. The father, an old soldier, considers this "a disgrace to the country," and we agree with him.

The Chattenden Crocks.

We should like a War Office official to pay a surprise visit to the Chattenden Farm Camp, near Strood, where the poor old crocks of the R.D.C. are being treated anything but fairly. We have not space to catalogue their legitimate complaints.

That Good Old Eight Millions!

Men in the low categories are supposed to be cripples, or suffering from heart disease or other ailments, and not worth a tinker's epithet as soldiers. They are, however, snatched from civil life and turned into semi-corpses, then they are for many months kept in camp, and refused permission to go home to their shops or trades where they would be useful in helping us along. Further, the poor taxpayer has to support them, though they are useless either to the State or their own families.

A Very Old Dodge.

We are told that a short time ago Sir Francis Lloyd visited the Holborn Military Hospital, Mitcham, at the dinner hour. He asked if there were any complaints concerning food, and one old Tommy frankly told him that that day's meal was the finest any of the patients had eaten up to date. This, of course, at once aroused the officials—with the result that the dinners were improved for a day or two. We are sorry, however, to hear that they have now reverted to the less than workhouse proportions.

Get Your Hair Cut.

A driver of Battery 1205 R.F.A., at Canterbury, was ordered by his Captain to have his hair cut. He duly visited the barber, but as the officer was not satisfied with the result, the man was brought before the C.O. of the brigade, who awarded him 14 days' C.B. and stoppage of pay for 28 days. Thus do we sow the seeds of after-the-war trouble.

Hazing the Soldier.

A man of the 1st London Divisional Veterinary Hospital at the Show Grounds, Tunbridge Wells, asked the Sergt.-Major to take him before the O.C., to make a complaint. The result was that the Warrant Officer placed him in the Orderly Room for a "crime." It should be remembered that soldiers are specifically ordered not to write to JOHN BULL, but to make their complaints according to the Regulations—as this man did. Heaven help Tommy!

Insult to Injury.

The Military Food Controller has issued a postcard, evidently meant for the parents and friends of our soldiers. It reads: "*Food Economy*: A Recruit has three meals, at 8 a.m., 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. daily, besides early morning biscuits and tea and hot soup at 8.30. p.m. The food he receives is ample in quantity and excellent in quality. . . . To comply with the Food Controller's orders you are earnestly requested not to send any parcels containing food, as these are not required, and are waste of national food supply. If, notwithstanding this notice, any parcels of food are received by a recruit, they will be distributed to all the men in his hut." We wonder how many of our men have ever had the Hotel Cecil fare set out on the card? Very few, we believe, and we speak with considerable knowledge.

The Mons Star.

We confine the issue of the Mons Star to the men who fought up to November 23rd, 1914. Why cut out the fine fellows who did such splendid deeds at Festubert in December of the same year? It does not seem fair!

Camouflage.

Some of the men on ships being painted in "dazzle" or disguise, by Admiralty orders, are not cheery as to the result. The general opinion at Hull is that the preponderance of white paint shows up the vessels more than ever. Also, they wonder why the work is done by a Dutchman.

Nobody's Children.

The men of the Yacht Patrol complain that compared with the charges in depots and on board His Majesty's other ships, they have to pay sometimes double or treble the prices for food. The small craft seem to be nobody's children.

Not "Fed-Up."

Men of a Royal Marine Labour Company, Rouen, complain bitterly of conditions threatening to break up their health. Unloading munitions is heavy work, and they are not fed for it. Eight ounces of bread has to last 24 hours, and the food "all over" is equally insufficient for men who work 76 hours per week, and walk five miles a day to it. They do not worry about hard work, but about the lack of stamina from which they are suffering.

Trouble on Troopships.

We have already commented upon the condition of affairs on certain transports, and now have a letter, well authenticated, from a man who sailed on another large liner. He complains that "the food is full of dead flies, maggots, fleas, and bugs. The whole place is one mass of lice. Every night the boys pick them off their clothing." Of course, "we are doing everything possible," according to highly-paid mandarins, for the comfort and health of the troops; but when the war is over, some of our fellows will have a word or two to say. Let us hope that their natural resentment will be kept within bounds.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Will the Pensions Minister Note?

We regret to observe the increasing strain upon our Fund due to the local Pensions Committees refusing to carry out their functions.

A Helping Hand.

We sent assistance to a soldier's widow who is without pension, and has six children to feed and clothe—one of them lying in the infirmary.

Harassed to Death.

A worried mother wrote us that her little baby lay dying, whilst her two other children were unable to attend school because they were bootless. Her husband is a prisoner-of-war, so we gladly helped.

Darby and Joan.

A very aged couple, with a married son in the Service, had no one from whom to obtain temporary assistance. Sickness has made an extra call on their resources. We cheered them with a little financial aid.

Accidents Will Happen!

A discharged A.S.C. man is laid by owing to an accident to his foot, for which he has had to undergo an operation. He cannot claim pay from his firm for a fortnight, and therefore was penniless when he wrote us. Again we assisted.

Five Forlorn Orphans.

A sister of a deceased woman wrote us, describing the sad plight in the home in which the little ones are left—the father having been killed at the Front. There is pressing need for garments for the children. We did the best in our power.

His Widowed Mother.

A very sad case is that which was sent to us by the soldier-brother of a girl who is stricken with tuberculosis. There is also in the family a boy who is crippled. The mother is doing her best, and she was greatly distressed until we answered her son's appeal.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; "Cape Horn," 2s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," 6d.; Mrs. A. L. F. (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; "Sympathy," 2s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "A Friend," 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; Mrs. B. (Edinburgh), 1s.; Mrs. C. (Dundee), 6d.; H. L. H., £4 14s. 5d.; "Anxious," 1s.; "S. African Railway Guard," 5s.; W. H. H. (Sheffield), 5s.; M. G. (New York), £1 16s. 9d.; R. M. A., 2s. 6d.; "Joey," 10s.; L. N (Leeds), 10s.; J. H. (Castleford), 10s.; W. H. C. (Ealing), 1s.; H. P. (Rochford), 1s.; C. S. (Chiswick), 1s.; "Wellwisher" (Portsmouth), 6s.; O. O. (Harlesden), 2s.; J. P. (Copthorne), £1; "Edinburgh," 2s. 6d.; A. McG., 5s.; "Persis and Raymond," £2 2s.; Mrs. H. S., £1; W. F. (Kent), 2s. 6d.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL" (Teddington), 6d.; "One of the Least," (Swanage), 10s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "No. 13's Wife," 6d.; Pte. T. S., 6d.; J. H. (Barnsbury), 1s. 1d.; J. H. (Aberdeen), 2s.; "A 4," 1s.; A. A. (Oakham), 1s. 6d.; R. P. (Golder's Green), 6d.; "Prospective Kiltie," 15s.; T. S. (Hirst Ash), 2s.; "Rifleman," 2s. 6d.; W. J. H. (Brighton), 5s.; 33rd Base Park Coy., R.E., £1; "Iyo," 10s.; "Three Scotties" (per J. E. E.), £1; Sapper J., 10d.; L. F. E. (Paddington), 3d.; E. W. (St. Mawes), 1s. 2d.; H. H. (Devon), 5s.; N. A. S. (S. Africa), 7s.; D. M. L. (Edinburgh), 14s 9d.; E. R. P. M. War Fund, No. 7, £12 18s. 1d.; "Whiffet," 1s.; "In Memory of Frank and Ted," 4s.; L. S. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; "Vincio," 1s.; Mrs. B. R., £3; E. P. (Eastbourne), £1 1s.; B. E. (Shepherd's Bush), 1s.; "Three Small Boys," 1s.; Mrs. J. H. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; "Turkey Winner's Missus," 2s. 6d.; R. G. (Doncaster), 4s.

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Our JOHN BULL PEN Xmas Gift Coupon has proved exceedingly popular, and has been taken advantage of by thousands of readers. Others who desire to avail themselves of our offer are requested to apply early, in order to ensure delivery in good time for Christmas.

NOTE—The "John Bull" Pen Gift Coupon (value one shilling), referred to above, appeared in our issue dated 17th November.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA

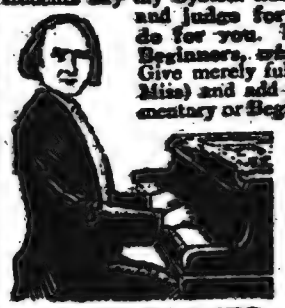
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

(December 8th, 1917.)

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

I WILL TEACH YOU

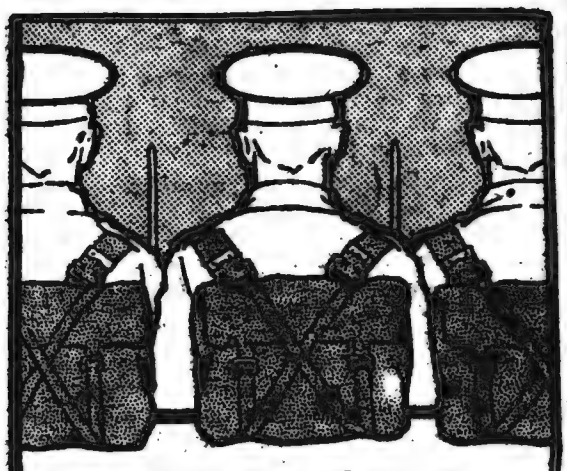
to Play the Piano brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and practice-drudgery can ever give you. Thousands have done so for sixteen years. Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send Postcard for Copy of my interesting, illustrated book, "MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD," which explains my methods and shows what my students say of my System has done for their playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. I have also a course for Beginners, *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as the case may be.



Mr. H. BECKER,
31, Bristol House,
Holborn Viaduct, London.

An Elementary Player writes:—"Your 2nd lesson is so simple, yet instructive, that success seems certain. I have every confidence in your course, and look forward to Lesson No. 2."—R. B. U. (Yarrow-on-Tyne).

A Beginner:—"I am doing remarkably well. It is intensely interesting to read straight off any piece of music."—Miss M. T. (Sunderland).



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"BLANCO"

(The cleaner for all equipment), Perform their hard duty nobly.

The civilian's *duty* is easier, but not the less necessary.

Just now that duty is—Buy

NATIONAL WAR BONDS

An investment that helps the country and profits you.

You can buy a BOND from £5 upwards, from any Post Office or Bank.

DO IT TO-DAY.

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd.
BURTON ROAD,
SHEFFIELD.

Heavy smoking at the Front

gives him "tongue bite, and huskiness. T.M Tooth Powder or Paste in tubes is the only preparation that removes this, keeps his teeth clean and mouth sweet. Be sure and

Send him T.M.

The Standard Dentifrice —for Everybody

and use it yourself.

Powder 6d. tins. Paste 1/- tubes.

Of all Chemists, or

Christys' J.B.), Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

"CONSTANT READER" (Loughborough).—There is small doubt that our leaping circulation will before long justify our giving a "Two Million" Dinner, but in view of the food shortage it will have to be a Barmecide feast.

"ONE OF THE INDIAN ARMY" (Bombay).—We have never belittled the courage and endurance shown by the Indian troops engaged in the Mesopotamian Campaign. We were the first to insist on the immediate succour of gallant General Townsend, but our warnings were unheeded until too late.

F. P. (Southampton).—"If we don't crush the Huns now, they will crush us within 50 years without war, the cunning subtle—I can't think of words strong enough." If you will drop in at 93, Long Acre, we will whisper a few in your ear.

"TWO WORKING GIRLS" (Nottingham).—We hope *all* the W.A.A.C.s will return from France "expecting to become mothers," but not quite so soon as, nor for the reasons that, your letter implies. Do not credit the lying and scandalous rumours that have reached your startled ears, sweet maids.

DRIVER R. E. (B.E.F., France).—Yes, it is a question which is the more dangerous—the German pill-box, or the British profiteer's cash-box. Both must be "evacuated."

W. R. P. (H.M.S. *Marlboro'*).—We have always had a soft spot in our heart for the Royal Marine Artillery—but they do not advertise, so their countless gallant deeds during the war are not so widely known as they deserve to be.

A. S. (Bristol).—Whether Mr. Walter Long was a Cabinet Minister at the time or not (as a matter of fact he was not) he was right in saying we shall not hand back her late colonies to Germany. And that's that.

A. R. (St. Leonards).—As a matter of fact, we *do* think rather the worse of girl shop assistants who are gratuitously saucy to defenceless customers.

MRS. E. L. (Upper Norwood).—The man whom you overheard say that we have not yet made reprisals on Germany because our airmen are "afraid and have refused to go," is a liar of the basest sort.

"EDUCATED FOREIGNER" (Gloucester).—"I laugh! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" If you can't laugh less like an animal than that, you had better return to Germany and laugh the other side of your face.

R. F. (Stirlingshire).—Your poem stirs the heart; so much so, indeed, that our publishers were afraid it might upset our circulation.

T. T. (Reading).—Firing party at Reading for German soldier's funeral on Monday; none for British soldier's on Tuesday. Surely they had not run out of blank cartridges in one day.

"SILVER BADGE" (Kilburn Lane, N.W.).—"I wish to thank you for the great boon you are to us disabled soldiers." That's the kind of honest compliment we appreciate.

E. B. (Dover).—Fancy addressing us as "Dear Sir or Madame"! What makes you doubt our sex?

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—As you say, "Many suffer for the faults of a few." Don't worry, but be happy as one of the many good, and not one of the few otherwise.

"CARRY ONWARD" (Seamen's Hospital).—Quoth the parson in Hospital Church, "How can we win when ships and guns are built from the revenue from strong drink?" With we knew where he gets strong drink these days.

"FED UP" (London).—What have you been eating? *Our* stuff won't upset you.

"SILLY SUSSEX" (Hastings).—"You are very fond of advising the public to keep their eye on one thing or another. I am keeping mine on you." You must be that squint-eyed youth we passed the other day. We were not sure whether you were looking at us or at the pub on the other side of the road.

R. L. (London, S.E.) writes in such laudatory terms of the stentorian and melodious voice of the Town Crier of Lyme Regis, who announces the contents of JOHN BULL weekly, that we blush with modesty on his behalf.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Waterford).—"Here in Waterford the Government is keeping up a college with hundreds of farmers' sons of military age, who make an open profession of being Sinn Feiners." You have spoken.

SERGT. R. J. P. (Blackdown, Hants).—Your panegyric verse to hand. Did you write it in cold blood or in the heat of passion?

"ONE OF YOUR OLD SUPPORTERS."—Any British firm of furriers, employing German managers, ought to have its fur rubbed the wrong way.

"ONE OF THE LADS ON LEAVE."—"We should like to read in JOHN BULL what you really think of young fit men dodging the Army—there are over 600 at Immingham Dock." You will not read here "what we really think" of them. It's unprintable.

"MUNITION WORKER" (Brightlingsea).—"Knowing the interest you take in all questions put before you—" Then you know more than we know. You should see *some* of the questions!

PTE. J. B. (B.E.F., France) asks where the best English is spoken. It is hardly material for a bet; but we should say in Long Acre.

L.-CPL. R. (Winchester).—Three ladies, at railway carriage: "Oh, my dear, we can't possibly go in there; it's full of those beastly soldiers." Glad you were spared the company of such beastly females.

G. C. (age 11½).—"Will you kindly accept my verse. I have a few more which I can send you." Thanks, little one; but have you not learned at Sunday school to be kind to animals, and Editors?

"A PARENT."—Though wounded, your son prefers returning to the trenches (after three years of them) rather than look for "a danger-proof job." You should be proud of him.

"MANSFIELD."—The Salvation Army's advt. of meeting at Westminster ended:—"Children (with or without their parents) will not be admitted." Suffer little children to—stay outside.

B. H. (Hove).—"I could fill a book." Well, you mustn't fill this one.

"SPOOK OPERATOR" (B.E.F.).—"Thick head, Brain dumb, Inspirations Won't Come; Poor ink, Bad pun, Best wishes, Amen." Amen, So be it; Poem printed, As you see it.

F. W. M. (London, W.).—"Hackney Union advertised for practical shoemaker, to teach boys: salary 4s. per week, inclusive." We must defend good old Hackney. It was a misprint; the right figures being 40s.

E. B. W. (Belmont). Should have thought the grounds of Belmont Hospital big enough for walks of German officers. To take them for strolls outside is one of our many overdone kindnesses.

"MARIE" (Southwell).—On your own account, he ought to marry you; you have such nice hair.

A. L. (Armley).—1,578,401 people already seem to think that we came into this world of sin and woe to get 'em a war bonus. Most of 'em are wrong, and you're among the most.

"OFFICE BOY" (Copthall).—What, you want a war bonus as well? That's done it. Now we're off to apply for one ourselves.

"MAJOR" (B.E.F., France).—We have never heard that in Lord Haldane's veins runs German blood, but he has tacitly confessed to an infusion of German spirit.

D. B. (Portsmouth).—We think Messrs Pink, the Portsmouth grocers, would be better advised not to sell butter at all, rather than to offer it at 4s. 4½d. per pound. Such an extravagant price leaves the rich unmoved, but it exasperates the poor.

D. W. P. (Denholm).—"Then pray excuse a bard like me, A bard of no renown, To lay another wreath upon the Editorial Crown." We'll excuse you, but don't come near us till we've calmed down.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER" (Aberdare).—"'In the interests of future harmony' Aberdare Education Committee . . . Mr. Idwal Thomas in the chair, declined an offer of free copies of General Smuts' message to Wales for distribution in the Schools." What an Education Committee! What it is really cut out for is a Sewage Board.

PRIVATE B. (St. Albans).—"This is what gets my goat." Ours too, and no kid!

PRIVATE F. O. C. (Cork).—Thanks, but we do not publish "jokes" of set purpose. When they creep in it is through a temporary lapse on the part of one or other of our hard-working contributors.

A. J. W. (Tooting).—"Since writing to you I have had three visions." Do give up those cheese suppers!

R. B. G. (Aldgate) wonders what would happen if the Government and their missuses had to line up for butter, tea and sugar. That's an easy one. They would get another Food Controller.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

We must offer our apologies to advertisers for having to omit many advertisements owing to the reduction in size of our issues, consequent on the Government restrictions on paper supplies, it being our policy to curtail reading matter as little as possible.

Sound Sleep.

A Valuable Suggestion.
Send a tin of "Ovaltine" to your Soldier or Sailor Friend; whether in Camp, at the Front, in Hospital or on board Ship.
Nothing could be more acceptable, as "Ovaltine" provides the most nourishing and sustaining food drink possible. As a restorative in fatigue there is nothing to equal it.
There is no fuss or trouble in making—"Ovaltine" is simply stirred into hot water, or a little condensed milk may be added if desired.
Include a tin of "Ovaltine" in your next parcel, or ask your chemist to pack a tin ready for posting.

Nervous Strain and digestive unrest are the usual conditions which cause sleeplessness.

Soothe the nerves, allay the digestive activity, and sound, refreshing sleep will follow.

For this purpose nothing is so good as a cupful of "Ovaltine," taken just before retiring.

"Ovaltine" is a light, nourishing, quickly prepared and easily digested tonic food beverage, supplying abundant material for soothing and restoring strained nerves. It is a concentration of the nutritive and tonic properties contained in Malt, Milk and Eggs. Independent medical analysis certifies that a cupful of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 7 cupfuls of Cocoa, 12 cupfuls of Beef Extract, or 3 Eggs.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/4, 2/3 & 4/-

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE and Descriptive Booklet on receipt of 2d. in stamps for postage and packing.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 113, COWCROSS Street, LONDON, E.C. 1.
Works: King's Langley, Herts.

THE LUCKY BLACK CAT and HORSES OF CALENDAR FOR 1918 should be bought by every reader. 1 - post free. A very smart Calendar printed in Silver and Colours embossed and made to stand up. Send to any address by actual manufacturers: D. Harper & Co., 5, Chenside, London, E.C. 2.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.
Write now for my clearance lists for either Cash or Instalments—PREMIERS, UMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c. Grand cycles from £2/19/6 *(maker's price £12 12 -)* Secure your Machine before stock exhausted. . . . . Bargain lists free from GEORGE KING, Ltd., [illegible] COVENTRY.

BRITISH MADE

The Key to Brilliant and Economical Lighting is to use

VERITAS GAS MANTLES
(Upright or Inverted)

The Key to Brilliant VICTORY is to invest your savings in

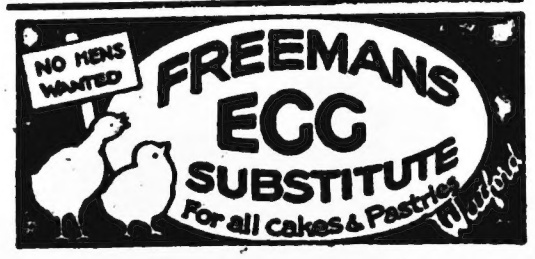
NATIONAL WAR BONDS

You can buy a Bond for £5 upwards at any Money Order Post Office or Bank

VERITAS LIGHT WORKS,
London, Glasgow, Manchester.

RILEY'S Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. **Seven Days' Free Trial.** Prices from **£6 10s.** The 6ft. 4in. cent **£8 16s** cash or 18 monthly payments of **10s.** is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from **£5 15s.** cash or in 18 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.
Illustrated Catalogue Free.
J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms 147 Aldersgate St. E.C.



SoToL *Mouth and Throat Baths.*

The best protection against infectious and other illnesses As delightful as they are necessary and All-British. Chemists sell 40 or 1 6

Reject substitutes and obtain direct from—
WESTER DENTAL MFG. CO. LTD.,
74, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON W.1.
Samples 2d. Stamps, Post Free.

First Prize £1,000 'BULLETS' XMAS BOX

2ND PRIZE £100

OVER 10,000 PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 5/-	2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	7,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

OVER 10,000 PRIZES

Your last chance!

Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(264) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 264, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(264) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(264) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

Result of Competition No. 262 will be found on the opposite page. A complete list of the 200 winners of Turkeys for Competition No. 262 will be ready next week, and will be forwarded to any applicant on receipt of a penny stamp.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 264.

SWEEPING VICTORY
GENERAL BYNG
THE HINDENBURG LINE
CAUGHT SENDING
A CERTAIN WINNER
OUR TANKS
WHAT BOTTOMLEY WRITES
BEST MAN
NEARING THE END
ON THE SPREE
WHACKING BILL
SURPRISE IN STORE
WHAT GRIDDER SAYS
NOT SUFFICIENT
SOMETHING WRONG WHEN
LITTLE MARY
AFTER A DRINK
GERMAN OFFICIAL
A FAIR COP
ARTIST'S MODEL
NOT VERY LIKELY
A TOUCHING STORY
NAUGHTY BOY
WON'T COME OUT
OUR TOMMY
WHEN BABY ARRIVES
FIRST PRIZE
THE DEAR ONES
CHRISTMAS PUDDING
WHAT'S WANTED
MANAGING WIFE
COURTING TROUBLE
RICH AND POOR
MISLEADING LADY
HELPING THE ENEMY
MOST SURPRISING WHEN
GOOD HEALTH
WHEN FATHER'S AT HOME
MOTHER'S HELP
THE KAISER'S CHRISTMAS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 40 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—

Example:—
MOTHER'S HELP.
Bullet:—
MOST NECESSARY, WASHING DAY.
Example:—
COURTING TROUBLE.
Bullet:—
CALLING NAVVY LIAR.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate at 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated December 29th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated December 8th.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

3RD PRIZE £50

£1,000 First Prize

Result of 262nd "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. GEO. BROOKE, 6, Celum Terrace, Cardiff.
Example:—MAN OF PUSH.
Bullet:—WOULD SEND THOUSANDS "FLYING."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. PERCY KEOGH,
18, Carlingford Terrace, Drumcondra, Dublin.
Example:—WHAT TOMMY THINKS.
Bullet:—"WITHOUT HESITATION" WE'LL WIN.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. P. PETTIFAR,
The Post Office, Hallingbury, Bishop's Stortford.
Example:—WHAT KAISER WOULD LIKE.
Bullet:—"WINDING UP" WITHOUT "GOING."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss K. CUMNER, 6, Reading Street, Swindon, Wilts:
WHAT TOMMY THINKS—HAIG LOVES "ATTACKING" WORK.
Mr. H. RUSSELL, Royal Engineer Office, 2, Colchester:
WHAT KAISER WOULD LIKE—MULTIPLYING LONDON'S "OPEN SPACES."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. R. BARLOW, 28, Cowper Street, Ashton-under-Lyne:
A LITTLE KID—COULD REPLACE SOME "INDISPENSABLES."
Sergt.-Major E. McGIBBON, A.O.C., Wharncliffe War Hospital, Sheffield:
A LITTLE KID—NEUTRAL OCCASIONALLY DISPLAYING NEUTRALITY.
Mr. A. W. ELLIS, The Cinema, Sidmouth:
DREAMING OF PEACE—WHEN RUSSIA "DROPPED OFF."
Mr. N. TAYLOR, 13), Rosefield Rd., Smethwick, Staffs:
NOT FINISHED YET—INFANT THINKS NEW BABY.
Mr. J. ROBINSON, 112, Ormeau Road, Belfast:
WAITING FOR ORDERS—MONARCHS WITH GERMAN WIVES.
Mrs. A. WILLIAMS, 4, Dinas Terrace, Pont-Neath Vaughan, Neath:
TENDER AND TRUE—NEUTRALS CAN'T BE BOTH.
Mr. F. STUBBINS, 5, Market Lane, Brigg:
NEVER SATISFIED—LAWYERS WITH AN "AGREEMENT."
Mr. E. BYRNE, 42, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. 2:
NOT FINISHED YET—OUR PATIENCE, GOVERNMENT HOPES.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. F. RITHILL, 61, Wray Crescent, Tollington Park, N.:
A LITTLE KID—PALMIST TOLD "OFF HAND."
Mr. H. HINSLEY, "Ellerslie," Beaconsfield Road, Coventry:
WHAT TOMMY THINKS—PACIFIST STREAM WANTS "DAMMING."
Mr. A. M. McMILLAN, Gas Dept., City Hall, Belfast:
WHAT KAISER WOULD LIKE—FOR CHRISTMAS—A "SCOOTER."
Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM, 3, Park Terrace, Glebe St., Dumfries:
WHAT TOMMY THINKS—"HOME POSITIONS" EASIER HELD.
Mr. H. H. BENNETT, 2, Wellesley Road, Wanstead, Essex:
CHARMING YOUNG GIRL—"EYES" ALL "BRIGHT SPARKS."
Mr. R. CLEGGETT, Armagh Road, Portadown, Ireland:
ASKING TOO MUCH—EVIDENTLY NOT FOR TITLES.
Mr. S. M. COLLINS, 10, Grove Street, Didsbury:
WHAT TOMMY THINKS—PEACE "OFFERS" NO SECURITY.
Mr. T. H. NEWELL, c/o Army Ordnance Dept., Avonmouth Docks:
A LITTLE KID—ADVT. READS—"WILL SACRIFICE."
Mr. G. PACKHAM, 6, The Pavement, Tollington:
MOST IMPORTANT—HOLLAND CONSIDERS "BOTH SIDES."
Mr. A. TAYLOR, 5, Elm Street, Chester Moor, Chester-le-Street, Durham:
WHAT TOMMY THINKS—MUCH OF FUTURE "OCCUPATION."

Closing Date, Thursday, December 13th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(264) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for -/- must be sent

Signed_____

Address_____

"JOHN BULL'S"

GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged house, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

Dec. 8, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home of its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

Dec. 8, 1917.

£25 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Dec. 1, 1917, bearing on the Covers the numbers 076,492, 284,630, 764,278, 1,000,746, and 1,735,624. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid the sum of £5. Apply, THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Stomach Trouble

means headache, nervousness, depression, indigestion and a general unsettling of the system. Chocoloids purify the stomach by thoroughly cleansing out the bowels.

Regd

Chocoloids

The Cure for Constipation.

A safe and reliable remedy for all cases—occasional or chronic.

Price 2/6 per Box of 60 Tablets.

Sample Box 1/3, of 24 Tablets, from all chemists, or Post Free from the Makers. Send a Tin to the Front because Chocoloids take the place of natural laxatives (vegetables, etc.).

THE CHOCOLOID CO., (DEPT. J), Stirchley Laboratories, BIRMINGHAM.

LOMBIO.

THE CERTAIN CURE FOR PILES.

The cures effected by Lombio Ointment are really wonderful. No case is too bad for this remarkable remedy. It succeeds even after doctors and all other treatments fail.

Of Chemists 1/3 and 2/9 per tube, or post free from J. B. LOMBIO Co., 15, New Street, Bishopsgate, London.

Send 1d. Stamp for postage for a

10-DAY FREE TRIAL TUBE

YOU HAVE BOUGHT AND APPRECIATED OUR GOODS: MAY WE NOW RECOMMEND YOU TO

BUY NATIONAL WAR BONDS

AND GO ON REGULARLY INVESTING YOUR SAVINGS IN THEM?

"ERASMIC"

PERFUMERS,

London. Paris.

Pick the Machine You Like Best And have it on 7 days' FREE TRIAL.

What this Free Trial Offer means.

AFTER receiving your instructions on our order form, duly filled up, we will send you, carriage paid, the Gramophone you select, safely packed, and without delay. If you are not more than pleased with the VALKYRIE Gramophone when you've tried it in every way and tested its good class workmanship and works, pack it up again and return it and the Sample Record to us AT OUR EXPENSE within 7 days and unoamaged, and we will return every penny of your deposit or price without demur or delay.

You are Protected in every possible way.

If we can do more to prove to you the genuineness of this excellent offer—please tell us.

To CATESBYS Ltd.,
LONDON, W.

Please send me your free Gramophone Catalogue and Order Form as I wish to take advantage of your Free Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

CATESBYS LTD.

"Princess" Valkyrie Gramophone

EASY TERMS **PRICE £5.**

(including one Sample Record)

This model represents the best quality low price Gramophone on the market. This is a standard machine, not a hybrid concoction which spoils the Records with a scraping, gurgling sound, the irritating sound that makes music lovers despair and candid friends say, "What a rotten machine." No; the "Princes" is delightful in tone, clearness and power and very well made. Solid Oak Cabinet.

(Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, LONDON, W.1.

Wear and Underwear

RAMESES Underwear is made to suit all measurements—no Rameses garment is ever *stretched* to shape. This ensures perfection of fit, and proves an important factor in the splendid wearing qualities of Rameses.

Every Rameses garment is absolutely sound in make. It is knitted from strong, durable yarn. It washes well and yields long service. Rameses Underwear is entirely British-made.

RAMESES

British - Made UNDERWEAR

Rameses, in spite of war conditions, in spite of all the care spent in its manufacture, is moderate in cost. In purchasing your underwear you will not find a better war economy than Rameses. Rameses is sold in various weights and sizes. Each Rameses garment bears trade-mark.

Ask your Draper or Hosier for Rameses Underwear to-day.

Strength & Vitality

IF enfeebled by worry, or worn out by overwork, you can quickly regain strength and vitality by the aid of Hall's Wine.

Delay may mean a serious illness. A course of Hall's Wine now will stave off colds, influenza, and those other dangers which attack the weak and worn-out.

Hall's Wine gives vitality to the system. It strengthens the weak, and helps the nerve - worn and overwrought. And the good that Hall's Wine does is lasting.

A patient writes: "I know the great value of Hall's Wine in cases of Neurasthenia and General Weakness. I am stronger now than I have been for nearly two years, thanks to Hall's Wine."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE—Buy a bottle to-day. If after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Extra Large Size, 4/6; Smaller Size, 2/9.

Of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., Bow, London, E.3.

795

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